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## EMIN PASHA.

ALTHOUGH the name of the heroic governor of the Equatorial Province of the Soudan is now familiar to every schoolboy in both hemispheres, it is not every one who knows that the name is an assumed one. The word 'Emin' is Arabic; it means 'The Faithful One,' and surely never was adopted name more appropriate to the person using it.

The real name of the bearer of it is Eduard Schnitzer, a native of the small town of Oppeln, in Prussian Silesia, where he was born on the 28th of March 1840. His father was a merchant, who in 1842 removed to Neisse, in the same province, where his mother and sister still reside. According to a biographical sketch in a work published in Germany last year, and a translation of which has recently been published in this country under the supervision of Dr Felkin,\* Eduard was educated first at the Gymnasium at Neisse, and then at the Universities of Breslau and Berlin, at the latter of which he graduated in medicine in the year 1864. He was distinguished even as a boy by a strong desire to travel and a great love for natural history; and it was for the gratification of both feelings that, after receiving his degree, he began to look for work in a foreign land. About the end of 1864 he went to Turkey, and there made the acquaintance of the Vali Mushir Divitji Ismail Hakki Pasha, who gave him a post on his staff during official journeys through Armenia, Syria, and Arabia. This appointment seems to have occupied Dr Schnitzer until 1873, when Hakki died. After spending a couple of years or so in Turkey, Schnitzer returned to Neisse, and spent a few months with his family there, devoting himself the while to the study of natural history. But the wandering spirit was irrepressible, and in 1876 Dr Schnitzer went to Egypt and entered the service of the Khedive as Dr Emin Effendi. His

reason for adopting this name was that he might get rid of every external indication which might stand in the way of his usefulness in the Moham-medan world in which he was resolved to labour. He knew the prejudices of the followers of Islam, and their dislike, and even hatred, of anything of 'Frankish' association, and he believed that he could best carry on his work by discarding his German name. Writing to his sister from Trebizond, he informs her that he has quickly gained a reputation as a doctor among the Turks, and adds: 'This is due to the fact that I know Turkish and Arabic as few Europeans know them, and that I have so completely adopted the habits and customs of the people, that no one believes that an honest German is disguised behind the Turkish name. Don't be afraid: I have only adopted the name; I have not become a Turk.'

His German biographer informs us that Emin has an extraordinary gift for the acquisition of foreign languages. Besides German, French, English, and Italian, he knew several Slavonic languages, and Turkish, Arabic, and Persian. No doubt he is now quite proficient in many of the dialects of Central Africa. To this talent, so invaluable in a traveller, must be ascribed a large measure of Emin's success. Then his medical training has been greatly in his favour; and his cast of mind and of temper seems to be eminently fitted for dealing with the dark races of Africa. He seems, moreover, to have all the firmness and decision of character of his great predecessor, Gordon, without the latter's nervous temperament.

It was under Gordon that Emin served his apprenticeship to African life. Gordon was in 1876 governor of the Equatorial Province, and Emin was sent to him to act as chief medical officer. But Gordon soon saw that the German doctor could be of much more effective service than in walking the hospital, and he was accordingly despatched on various tours of inspection through the districts, and was also sent on important missions to the kings of Uganda and Unyoro—countries and potentates which bulk so

\* *Emin Pasha in Central Africa: being a Collection of his Letters and Journals.* Edited and annotated by Professor Schweinfurth, Professor Ratzel, Dr Felkin, and Dr G. Hartlaub. London: George Philip and Son.

largely in the story of Africa. Gordon relinquished his governorship of the Equatorial Province in 1877, and returning to Egypt, was succeeded by incompetent and corrupt native officers, who soon undid all that he had organised. He left the province peaceful and settled, although labouring under a heavy debt; but his successors quickly reproduced the system of oppression, brutality, and injustice, which had taken so much labour and so many years to put down. Emin, meanwhile, was surgeon-in-chief, but without any definite rank, owing to the intrigues of Khartoum-officials. But in the early part of 1878, Gordon came back to Khartoum as governor-general of the whole Soudan, and appointed Emin to be governor of the Equatorial Province, the post which he had himself held for over three years.

That province was once more in a state of disorganisation. It was peopled by a number of different tribes, who had thriven under Gordon's rule, but were now suffering under the oppression of his successors. The slave-dealers had recommenced their operations, and were settled in fortified villages all over the land. The officials were mostly disreputable men—criminals in many cases, banished from Egypt, but whose sentences had expired—and the Egyptian soldiers were untrustworthy. The stations had fallen into disrepair, and a block on the Nile cut off Emin's supplies for the first two years of his rule.

Within a year, however, Emin had reduced the province to order. 'Slowly but surely, and with ever-increasing success,' says Dr Felkin, 'he became master of the situation; and when I passed through his province for the second time in 1879, a most wonderful change had taken place. Stations had been rebuilt, discontent was changed into loyal obedience, corruption had been put down, taxation was equalised, and he had already begun the task of clearing his province from the slave-dealers who infested it. This was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, for they had rooted themselves very firmly in the soil, and most of the officials in Emin's employ were in full sympathy with them. Emin was entirely alone: no friend or helper was near. Indeed, with the exception of a few months when Lupton Bey was his second in command, he has been alone from the day of his appointment in March 1878 until the present time.'

Before the end of 1882, Emin had proved himself not only a capital doctor, a capable and humane governor, and a skilful general, but also a most successful economist and financier. Not only were the slave-dealers banished and the Egyptian soldiers replaced by trustworthy natives, but also large districts had been added to his territory by peaceful diplomatic negotiation, and the people had settled down to the cultivation of cotton, indigo, rice, coffee, sugar, &c. Gardening was being industriously prosecuted at the stations, the roads between them were being made permanently passable, and a weekly post had been established through the territory. And lastly, a province which even in Gordon's time could not pay its own expenses, and involved a charge of over thirty thousand pounds sterling a year on the Egyptian exchequer, was not only now self-supporting, but was showing

a clear profit of eight thousand pounds, and later of ten thousand pounds sterling per annum. It is well, indeed, for Emin that he did make the province self-supporting, since, from 1878 to 1884, only six steamers had come to Lado (his chief station) from Khartoum with supplies; and since 1884—the year of the Mahdi successes—he has been wholly shut off from the world.

Of course, during the disturbances of the Mahdi revolt, the prosperity of the province suffered considerably; and indeed at one time it seemed as if Emin would have to follow the example of Lupton and surrender to the False Prophet. Those disturbances began so far back as 1881, although it was not till December 1884 that they reached a climax in the fall of Khartoum and the murder of Gordon, who had returned, as all know, at the request of the British government, at a time when he was preparing to go to the Congo. It was towards the end of 1883 that Emin began to feel things uncomfortable, and to receive reports of the serious troubles in the north. Dr Junker reached him towards the end of January 1884, but was unable to progress farther down the Nile, and had to remain with Emin until January 1885. Then he made a push through Uganda, was enabled to despatch some needful supplies to Emin, and managed finally to reach Cairo by way of Zanzibar, in time to meet Stanley on his way out to relieve Emin. Writing in August 1884, Emin says that for fourteen months he had had no news from Khartoum, and that his magazines were empty; but he had heard of the surrender of Lupton, and had himself been called on peremptorily by one of the Mahdist commanders to surrender also. His troubles and difficulties then were many and great; but he held on, and by-and-by heard of the Mahdist reverses, which confirmed him in his determination to stick to his post and his trust. In March 1886, he received from Dr Junker a packet of letters and newspapers, which for the first time made him acquainted with all the events in Egypt and in the Soudan, and also with the first news from Europe he had had for over three years. He writes: 'So now I had the whole of the sad drama before me which ended in Gordon's death, the retreat of the English, and the loss of the Soudan; and it came back to my mind most vividly how the editor of the *Times* had remarked in a note to a communication from me that I took too gloomy a view of the situation; for I had warned the English not to think too lightly of the state of affairs in the Soudan, and not to let themselves be deceived by an illusory religious movement where very different objects were really aimed at. Poor Gordon!'

With the packet from Dr Junker he received a despatch from the Egyptian government, informing him that they were unable to assist him, that the Soudan was to be given up, and that he might leave the country as soon as he pleased. Emin calls this 'a cool business despatch in the fullest sense of the word,' and says: 'They simply suggest to me the way to Zanzibar just as they would a walk to Shubra.' But the way to Zanzibar was no longer open; and even if it had been, Emin would not forsake his people and the country which he had

laboured so long and so successfully to bring into a condition of order and prosperity.

Of the future of the country, he has large expectations: its natural beauties, its fertility, its mineral resources, and the growing habits of industry of the people, all mark it as a promising field for commercial expansion. The products are such as Europe requires—india-rubber, ivory, sugar, coffee, cotton, skins, &c.—and the people are settling into a condition for requiring European manufactures in return.

So far we have looked at Emin in his administrative capacity mainly; but in his journals and letters we find him to be distinctively a man of science. Nothing escapes him, and his powers of observation are remarkable. Dr Hartlaub says: 'The amount of work which Emin Pasha has performed in making zoological collections, observations, and notes, is astonishing in the highest degree. It could only have been performed by a man whose heart was aglow with the pure fire of scientific instinct, with enthusiastic, absolutely unselfish, love of Nature, and with an irresistible impulse to add to the knowledge of her treasures to the full extent of his powers. Emin was able to turn this impulse into action, notwithstanding the pressure of difficult surrounding circumstances and the many and varied duties which his high position compelled him to fulfil.'

The journals as yet received, and now published, contain the records of a number of journeys made through his territories down to 1887. They are so full of most interesting information about the physical characteristics of the country, about the people, the botany, the zoology, &c., that it is difficult to know what selection to make for the purposes of this paper.

One of the most striking things to be met with in the earlier pages is a reference to a report which is brought to him between Lado and Dufile on the Upper Nile, that a race of dwarfs inhabit mountain caves to the west of Bedén. They were said to be only forty inches high, of a brown colour, and of great agility, to eat white ants and roots, and to shoot with very small arrows which are poisoned, and very difficult to extract. These pygmies he was inclined to regard as the remainder of a dwarf population which ages ago spread itself over Central Africa. Four years later, he himself comes upon some specimens of the Akka, a pygmy people, divided into numerous small tribes, who lead a nomadic life in the Monbuttu country. One of these Akka 'had a reddish but rather dark skin (probably dirt), was very prognathous, rather swag-bellied, but exceedingly nimble. His height was three feet six inches. His whole body was covered by thick stiff hair, almost like felt, which was especially thick on the breast.' A girl fourteen years of age measured three feet and seven-eighths of an inch in height! These people are said to be very expert hunters, but also very vindictive, so that the neighbouring tribes are glad to let them have all they want for maintenance in return for skins and feathers, the products of the chase, which they prosecute with bows and arrows alone.

In the country of the Bari (near Gondokoro or Lado) Emin had a curious experience with a lion. One day he came upon one caught in a pitfall, and a chief named Lottor was sent for to get it out. He pushed into the pit branches of trees, by

means of which the lion came out of the hole, and after giving a roar of acknowledgment, walked off unharmed. This is mentioned as illustrative of the fact that 'the lions here are really good-tempered, and also much admired.' He was told by the negroes that this Lottor always keeps two tame lions in his house, and as long as he receives occasional presents of corn and goats, prevents the wild lions from doing any mischief.

Among one of the Dinka tribes he comes upon an ingenious method of utilising snakes. These are secured by stratagem, and then a pool of water is enclosed by a strong thorn fence, so arranged that the game coming to drink must pass through a narrow lane. The snakes, which are fastened by a hole bored through the tail, and placed near this opening, bite the animals as they attempt to pass. In this way a supply of game is always obtainable without the trouble of hunting.

A curious method of salutation is noted among the Shuli, a people who inhabit the Fatiko district. They are very polite, but must be somewhat uncomfortable acquaintances. They are always greeting each other, and always inquiring after the health of those they encounter, and their method of greeting is to raise the arms of the visitor four or five times above his head. Morning-calls in that country must be a severe and fatiguing gymnastic exercise.

In the Kedebu country we come upon the pile-dwellings. 'A platform supported upon over three hundred stout piles, each one six feet high, stood within a broken-down bamboo fence. It had a length of ninety feet, a width of eighty feet, and was made of timber and brushwood, and covered with clay and cow-dung, to form a level flooring. The ground-floor among the piles serves as a kitchen and storehouse; the water-jars and the *murhakka* (grindstone) are placed in it, and the servants sleep there. A square hole in the centre of the platform provides this lower room with light, and ladders lead through the hole to the platform. This latter is divided by a reed-fence into an outer and an inner compartment, the former containing two large huts, each about fifteen feet in diameter, with neat mud walls about three feet high, and a lofty conical roof. These two huts serve as a dwelling-place for the master of the house. The inner compartment, or harem, contains six smaller huts. The whole arrangement is really curious, especially here, where the ground is not swampy, and where termites [white ants] are only seldom found, so that there appears to be no real reason for such a method of house-building.' Around each homestead is a garden, in which are grown maize, onions, beans, egg-apples, bananas, lemons, bitter oranges, &c.

The journals are full of curious matter, from which we would willingly extract further did space permit. The chief practical interest, however, consists in the manner in which Emin has contributed to the more accurate mapping out of the whole country, and in the attention which he has given to testing the fertility of the land and its suitability for productive and commercial cultivation. Doubtless more will be heard from him on these points when Stanley returns.

That one who has lived so long in this isolated region, and who has so identified himself with the people, should be able to present us with more

life-like descriptions and more accurate reports than any mere occasional traveller, goes without saying. It may therefore be truly said that the world will owe more to Emin for knowledge of Central Africa than to any other single individual. His powers of description are great; and we have Dr Felkin's testimony that his whole heart is centred in the welfare of his people and in the advancement of science, without any thought of personal fame. But such fame he has already secured by the peculiar nature of his situation, and by the heroic manner in which he has clung to his post and devoted himself to the duty bequeathed to him by Gordon. No figure in all the strange and moving romance of African story will stand out with greater distinctness and in greater eminence than that of the unselfish, hard-working, science-loving, and humanitarian German doctor now known as Emin Pasha.

### THIS MORTAL COIL.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—HOLY MATRIMONY.

THE way of the transgressor went easy for a while with Hugh Massinger. His sands ran smoother than he could himself have expected. His two chief bugbears faded away by degrees before the strong light of facts into pure nonentity. Relf did not know that Elsie Challoner lay dead and buried in a lonely grave at Orfordness; and Winifred Meysey was not left a ward in Chancery, or otherwise inconvenienced and strictly tied up in her plans for marrying him. On the contrary, the affairs of the deceased were arranged exactly as Hugh himself would have wished them to be ordered. The will in particular was a perfect gem: Hugh could have thrown his arms round the blameless attorney who drew it up: Mrs Meysey appointed sole executrix and guardian of the infant; the estate and Hall bequeathed absolutely and without remainder to Winifred in person; a life-interest in certain specified sums only, as arranged by settlement, to the relict herself; and the coast all clear for Hugh Massinger.

Everything indeed had turned out for the best. The late Squire had chosen the happiest possible moment for dying. The infant and the guardian were on Hugh's own side. There need be no long engagement, no tremulous expectation of dead men's shoes now: nor would Hugh have to put up for an indefinite term of years with the nuisance of a father-in-law's perpetual benevolent interference and well-meant dictation. Even the settlements, those tough documents, would be all drawn up to suit his own digestion. As Hugh sat, decorously lugubrious, in the dining-room at Whitestrand with Mr Heberden, the family solicitor, two days after the funeral, he could hardly help experiencing a certain subdued sense of something exceedingly akin to stifled gratitude in his own soul towards that defective breech-loader which had relieved him at once of so many embarrassments, and made him practically Lord of the Manor of Consumptum per Mare, in the hundred of Dunwich and county of Suffolk, containing by admeasurement so many acres, roods, and perches, be the same more or less—and mostly less, indeed, as the years proceeded.

But for that slight drawback, Hugh cared as

yet absolutely nothing. One only trouble, one visible kill-joy, darkened his view from the Hall windows. Every principal room in the house faced due south. Wherever he looked, from the drawing-room or the dining-room, the library or the vestibule, the boudoir or the billiard-room, the Whitestrand poplar rose straight and sheer, as conspicuous as ever, by the brink of the Char, where sea and stream met together on debatable ground in angry encounter. Its rugged boles formed the one striking and beautiful object in the whole prospect across those desolate flats of sand and salt marsh, but to Hugh Massinger that ancient tree had now become instinct with awe and horror—a visible memorial of his own crime—for it *was* a crime—and of poor dead Elsie in her nameless grave by the Low Lighthouse. He grew to regard it as Elsie's monument. Day after day, while he stopped at Whitestrand, he rose up in the morning with aching brows from his sleepless bed—for how could he sleep, with the breakers that drowned and tossed ashore his dear dead Elsie thundering wild songs of triumph from the bar in his ears?—and gazed out of his window over the dreary outlook, to see that accusing tree with its gnarled roots confronting him ever, full in face, and poisoning his success with its mute witness to his murdered victim. Every time he looked out upon it, he heard once more that wild, wild cry, as of a stricken life, when Elsie plunged into the careering current. Every time the wind shrieked through its creaking branches in the lonely night, the shrieks went to his heart like so many living human voices crying for sympathy. He hated and despised himself in the very midst of his success. He had sold his own soul for a wasted strip of swamp and marsh and brake and sand-hill, and he found in the end that it profited him nothing.

Still, time brings alleviation to most earthly troubles. Even remorse grows duller with age—till the day comes for it to burst out afresh in fuller force than ever and goad its victim on to a final confession. Days and weeks and months rolled by, and Hugh Massinger by slow degrees began to feel that Othello was himself again. He wrote, as of old, his brilliant leaders every day regularly for the *Morning Telephone*: he slashed three-volume novels with as much vigour as ever, and rather more cynicism and cruelty than before, in the *Monday Register*: he touched the tender stops of various quills, warbling his Doric lay to Ballade and Sonnet, in the wonted woods of the *Pimlico Magazine* with endless versatility. Nor was that all. He played high in the evening at Pallavicini's, more recklessly even than had been his ancient use; for was not his future now assured to him? and did not the horrid picture of his dead drowned Elsie, tossed friendless on the bare beach at Orfordness, haunt him and sting him with its perpetual presence to seek in the feverish excitement of roulette some momentary forgetfulness of his life's tragedy? True, his rhymes were sadder and gloomier now than of old, and his play wilder: no more of the rollicking, humorous, happy-go-lucky ballad-mongering that alternated in the *Echoes from Callimachus* with his more serious verses: his sincerest laughter, he knew himself, with some pain was fraught, since Elsie



left him. But in their lieu had come a reckless abandonment that served very well at first sight instead of real mirth or heartfelt geniality. In the old days, Hugh had always cultivated a certain casual vein of cheerful pessimism: he had posed as the man who drags the lengthening chain of life behind him good-humouredly: now, a grim sardonic smile usurped the place of his pessimistic *bonhomie*, and filled his pages with a Carlylese gloom that was utterly alien to his true inborn nature. Even his lighter work showed traces of the change. His wayward article, 'Is Death Worth Dying?' in the *Nineteenth Century*, was full of bitterness; and his clever skit on the Blood-and-Thunder school of fiction, entitled *The Zululad*, and published as a Christmas 'shilling shocker,' had a sting and a venom in it that were wholly wanting to his earlier performances in the same direction. The critics said Massinger was suffering from a shallow spasm of Byronic affectation. He knew himself he was really suffering from a profound fit of utter self-contempt and wild despairing carelessness of consequence.

The world moves, however, as Galileo remarked, in spite of our sorrows. Three months after Wyville Meysey's death, Whitestrاند received its new master. It was strange to find any but Meyseys at the Hall, for Meyseys had dwelt there from time immemorial; the first of the bankers, even, though of a younger branch, having purchased the estate with his newly-gotten gold from an elder and ruined representative of the main stock. The wedding was a very quiet affair, of course: half-mourning at best, with no show or tomfoolery; and what was of much more importance to Hugh, the arrangements for the settlements were most satisfactory. The family solicitor wasn't such a fool as to make things unpleasant for his new client. Winifred was a nice little body in her way, too; affectionately proud of her captive poet: and from a lordly height of marital superiority, Hugh rather liked the pink and white small woman than otherwise. But he didn't mean to live much at Whitestrاند either—'At least while your mother lasts, my child,' he said cautiously to Winifred, letting her down gently by gradual stages, and saving his own reputation for kindly consideration at the same moment. 'The good old soul would naturally like still to feel herself mistress in her own house. It would be cruelty to mothers-in-law to disturb her now. Whenever we come down, we'll come down strictly on a visit to her. But for ourselves, we'll nest for the present in London.'

Nesting in London suited Winifred, for her part, excellently well. In poor papa's day, indeed, the Meyseys had felt themselves of late far too deeply impoverished—since the sandhills swallowed up the Yondstream farms—even to go up to town in a hired house for a few weeks or so in the height of the season, as they had once been wont to do, during the golden age of the agricultural interest. The struggle to keep up appearances in the old home on a reduced income had occupied to the full their utmost energies during these latter days of universal depression. So London was to Winifred a practically almost unknown world, rich in potentialities of varied enjoyment. She had been there but seldom, on

a visit to friends; and she knew nothing as yet of that brilliant circle that gathers round Mrs Bouverie Barton's Wednesday evenings, where Hugh Massinger was able to introduce her with distinction and credit. True, the young couple began life on a small scale, in a quiet little house—most aesthetically decorated on economical principles—down a side-street in the remote recesses of Philistine Bayswater. But Hugh's coterie, though unsuccessful, was nevertheless *ex officio* distinguished: he was hand-in-glove with the whole Cheyne Row set—the Royal Academicians still in embryo; the Bishops Designate of fate who at present held suburban curacies; the Cabinet Ministers whose budget yet lingered in domestic arrears; the germinating judges whose chances of the ermine were confined in near perspective to soup at sessions, or the smallest of small devilling for rising juniors. They were not rich in this world's goods, those discounted celebrities; but they were a lively crew, full of fun and fancy, and they delighted Winifred by their juvenile exuberance of wit and eloquence. She voted the men with their wives, when they had any—which wasn't often, for Bohemia can seldom afford the luxury of matrimony—the most charming society she had ever met; and Bohemia in return voted 'little Mrs Massinger,' in the words of its accepted mouthpiece and spokesman, Hatherley, 'as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.' The little 'arrangement in pink and white' became, indeed, quite a noted personage in the narrow world of Cheyne Row society.

To say the truth, Hugh detested Whitestrاند. He never wanted to go near the place again, now that he had made himself in very deed its lord and master. He hated the house, the grounds, the river; but above all he hated that funeral poplar, that seemed to rise up and menace him each time he looked at it with the pains and penalties of his own evil conscience. At Easter, Winifred dragged him home once more, to visit the relict in her lonely mansion. The Bard went, as in duty bound; but the duty was more than commonly distasteful. They reached Whitestrاند late at night, and were shown upstairs at once into a large front bedroom. Hugh's heart leaped up in his mouth when he saw it. It was Elsie's room: the room into which he had climbed on that fateful evening; the room bound closest up in his memory with the hideous abiding nightmare of his poisoned life; the room he had never since dared to enter; the room he had hoped never more to look upon.

'Are we to sleep here, Winnie?' he cried aghast, in a tone of the utmost horror and dismay. And Winifred, looking up at him in silent surprise, answered merely in an unconcerned voice: 'Why, yes, my dear boy; what's wrong with the room? It's good enough. We're to sleep here, of course—certainly.'

He dared say no more. To remonstrate would be madness. Any reason he gave must seem inadequate. But he would sooner have slept on the bare ground by the river-side than have slept that night in that desecrated and haunted room of Elsie's.

He did *not* sleep. He lay awake all the long hours through, and murmured to himself, ten thousand times over, 'Elsie, Elsie, Elsie, Elsie!'

His lips moved as he murmured sometimes. Winifred opened her eyes once—he felt her open them, though it was as dark as pitch—and seemed to listen. One's senses grow preternaturally sharp in the night watches. Could she have heard that mute movement of his silent lips? He hoped not. O no; it was impossible. But he lay awake till morning in a deadly terror, the cold sweat standing in big drops on his brow, haunted through the long vigils of the dreary night by that picture of Elsie, in her pale white dress, with arms uplifted above her helpless head, flinging herself wildly from the dim black poplar, through the gloom of evening, upon the tender mercies of the swift dark water.

Elsie, Elsie, Elsie, Elsie! It was for this he had sold and betrayed his Elsie!

In the morning when he rose, he went over to the window—Elsie's window, round whose sides the rich wistaria clambered so luxuriantly—and looked out with weary sleepless eyes across the weary dreary stretch of barren Suffolk scenery. It was still winter, and the wistaria on the wall stood bald and naked and bare of foliage. How different from the time when Elsie lived there! He could see where the bough had broken with his weight that awful night of Elsie's disappearance. He gazed vacantly across the lawn and meadow towards the tumbling sandhills. 'Winifred,' he said—he was in no mood just then to call her Winnie—'what a big bare bundle of straight tall switches that poplar is! So gaunt and stiff! I hate the very sight of it. It's a great disfigurement. I wonder your people ever stood it so long, blocking out the view from their drawing-room windows.'

Winifred rose from the dressing-table and looked out by his side in blank surprise. 'Why, Hugh,' she cried, noting both his unwonted tone and the absence of the now customary pet form of her name, 'how can you say so? I call it just lovely. Blocking out the view, indeed! Why, it is the view. There's nothing else. It's the only good point in the whole picture. I love to see it even in winter—the dear old poplar—so tall and straight—with its twigs etched out in black and gray against the sky like that. I love it better than anything else at Whitestrand.'

Hugh drummed his fingers on the frosted pane impatiently. 'For my part, I hate it,' he answered in a short but sullen tone. 'Whenever I come to live at Whitestrand, I shall never rest till I've cut it down and stubbed it up from the roots entirely.'

'Hugh!'

There was something in the accent that made him start. He knew why. It reminded him of Elsie's voice as she cried aloud 'Hugh!' in her horror and agony upon that fatal evening by the grim old poplar.

'Well, Winnie,' he answered much more tenderly. The tone had melted him.

Winifred flung her arms around him with every sign of grief and dismay and burst into a sudden flood of tears. 'O Hugh,' she cried, 'you don't know what you say: you can't think how you grieve me.—Don't you know why? You must surely guess it.—It isn't that the Whitestrand poplar's a famous tree—a seamount for sailors—a landmark for all the country round—historical almost, not to say celebrated! It isn't that it

was mentioned by Fuller and Drayton, and I'm sure I don't know how many other famous people—poor papa knew, and was fond of quoting them. It's not for all that, though for that alone I should be sorry to lose it, sorrier than for anything else in all Whitestrand. But, oh, Hugh, that you should say so! That you should say, "For my part, I hate it."—Why, Hugh, it was on the roots of that very tree, you know, that you saw me for the very first time in my life, as I sat there dangling my hat—with Elsie. It was from the roots of that tree that I first saw you and fell in love with you, when you jumped off Mr Relf's yawl to rescue my poor little half-crown hat for me.—It was there you first won my heart—you won my heart—my poor little heart.—And to think you really want to cut down that tree would nearly, very nearly break it.—Hugh, dear Hugh, never, never, never say so!'

No man can see a woman cry unmoved. To do so is more or less than human. Hugh laid her head tenderly on his big shoulder, soothed and kissed her with loving gentleness, swore he was speaking without due thought or reflection, declared that he loved that tree every bit as much in his heart as she herself did, and pacified her gradually by every means in his large repertory of masculine blandishments. But deep down in his bosom, he crushed his despair. If ever he came to live at Whitestrand, then, that hateful tree must for ever rise up in mute accusation to bear witness against him!

It could not! It should not! He could never stand it. Either they must never live at Whitestrand at all, or else—or else, in some way unknown to Winifred, he must manage to do away with the Whitestrand poplar.

#### IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

It lies asleep, this beauty-spot of mine, in a far corner of fair Kent; and when you pass out of the shingle-roofed cottage on the hill and linger by the skirts of the wood, there opens before you such a prospect as Fancy, with half-closed eyes, might love to picture. I am standing on the velvet ridge of Harbledown, close by the time-stained almshouses which in the olden days gave shelter to the hapless leper. You may still see the high casement from which was wont to swing the opened wallet that pleaded dumbly for charity from the passers-by, from the pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St Thomas à Becket down in the hollow yonder. They are alike at rest now, pilgrim and suppliant; but the shrine remains, and we ourselves are but pilgrims of a later day. Nor can you rid yourself of the subdued emotions which the place and the prospect inspire. It is the same scene which greeted the eyes of those long-past travellers with staff and scallop-shell, after their self-appointed toils. Here are only images of rest—gleaming meadows with slumberous cattle in their midst, such as Sidney Cooper (the English Cuyt) delights to paint; golden mazes of the hop-vine; and gently undulating groves, that here and there open out into cool green glades and give glimpses of distant cottage roofs or church spire. There are here no rude manifestations of nature—no brawling streams or rugged rocks, or shaggy undergrowth

or dense wood. In this spot the north wind has long forgotten to blow. The wind that comes in from the far-off sea where the white cliffs are for ever gleaming is the softest of zephyrs, that scarce stirs the rose-leaves, and only whispers now and again in the long sedge-grass. And as you descend the hill, your way lies through ripening orchards and scented copses where the filbert and the hazel grow.

It is high noon, and the stillness is profound as you pass in under the overarching orchards with their carpets of softest turf. It is the silence as if of some vast cathedral, whose 'long drawn aisles' and fretted columns are here reproduced in the twilight vistas beneath the trees. Now and again come a faint rustle and twitter: it is the little brown birds that are clinging close to the darkened boughs. Just now they are songless; but when great Orion begins to slope westward and the leaves to play in the afternoon breeze, they will take up the thread of their song.

It is thus you go onwards towards Canterbury, through gardens of fruit and across rich spaces of meadow-land, past ivy-clad churches, and red-tiled cottages half smothered by the clinging embrace of jessamine or honeysuckle, with the river Stour gleaming in front like a silver ribbon, and the great towers of the cathedral standing solemnly against the sky. And there is its great clock, too, and its pendulum, which is for ever swinging, and saying:

For ever, never;  
Never, for ever.

You can almost hear, distant as you are, its silver-tongued bell. To come upon it in this fashion is like a prelude of sweet music; it attunes the mind to the place and its surroundings. If you care, however, you may dash into the ancient city at express speed, either by the London, Chatham, and Dover, or the South-Eastern Railway, in little more than an hour after leaving London; and in half an hour more, with guide-book in hand, you may 'do' all the principal sights in the place. But such methods are only fitted for the soulless being who would visit Jerusalem as a Cook's excursionist, or get himself personally conducted through the Vale of Tempe, or play skittles on the Pyramids. The quiet old city does not lend itself to such treatment. Therefore it happens that after the shrieking train has disgorged its human load, a very short time suffices to satisfy the ordinary sightseer. A hasty scramble through the cathedral, and a beefsteak at the old *Rose*, added to the purchase, perchance, of a shilling set of views—these are the pleasures which suffice most tourists until the train is ready to whirl them somewhere else, leaving the place once more to quietness and to me. Let such people, so far as Canterbury is concerned, go stay at home. It has no charms for the great army of professional sightseers. Its charms of sentiment and association cannot be weighed, measured, and duly labelled. They reside, mayhap, in the crumbling stones of an old ruin; in the battered front of a quaint gateway; in the note of a distant bell, or the 'coo' of an amorous or complaining dove; the subdued quiet of the street, the old-fashioned gardens, the sweet air, the calm river, the all-pervading restfulness of men and things. These be its

charms, and so they vary with the passing mood of the pilgrims: let the brand-new tourist pass on his clattering way.

If this be your mental attitude, then England holds for you no more congenial haunt. It is a straggling town of one street, long and narrow, with curious little lanes branching off on either side into still quadrangles or leafy solitudes, where you may muse throughout a summer day and be a better man for it. Or you may mount the ruined city wall and linger among the remains of early Christian times, undisturbed save by the solemn music of the chimes; for it is a city of many churches. Chapels, too, it has; but the modern spirit rests upon them, and they chime not except on the Sabbath. There, half-way up the main street is Mercery Lane, leading and pointing like a crooked arm right up to the door of the cathedral. Take off your hat, my friend. Dan Chaucer has been here before you with his attendant train of pilgrims. You have but to shut the eye in order to conjure up vivid visions of the old England which the courtly and passion-steeped *trouvreur* has pictured for us with such magnificent art in the *Canterbury Tales*. It requires no effort of the imagination, as you stand in this quaint alley with the sad and beautiful wrecks of time about you, to reconstruct the gorgeous procession of our English Froissart. There is the Wife of Bath, merry, impudent, droll, and *déjàgée*—very *déjàgée*; and the Knight and the Miller and the Clerk—all of them breathing types of the dead middle ages, the fine old time of 'ruggin' and rivin'.' Across the open space, over the way, a leap of the imagination carries you back to the landing of St Augustine and his band of Christian monks. They have come all the way from Rome in order to convert the Angles: men and maidens, blue-eyed and golden-haired, surcharged with the fierce-flowing blood of a Scaldic race as yet but half-civilised. It is high noon, and the time of day is clashed and hammered from the cathedral tower; and in the pauses of the solemn din you hear the intermittent tread of the incense-bearing monks and their exultant shout of 'Alleluia!'

The scene is worthy the recalling: it is that of the introduction of Christianity into Britain, at that time the abode of brave but cruel barbarians. You will scarcely realise the strange beliefs and practices of that far-removed time, standing as you do in the bright summer sunshine of Canterbury with mild and modern accessories about you. If you have touch of Orkney, you shall recall, as you take in the charms of the premier cathedral in the world, the immemorial fabric of St Magnus, looking with stony glare into the 'still vexed' ocean. Not that there is any resemblance, any suggestion of similarity, between the two structures. The one stands in the garden of England, in a rich-hued landscape, whereon the vine ripens and the nightingale's note is heard, where the very blood is warmed by the process of the suns; the other stands by the brim of the sea, the centre of a little world of barren slopes, where the shrill scream of the scart and the gannet and the kittiwake replaces the mellow strain of the beautiful bird of night. Yet they are not unlike in those features, in those suggestions, which are inspired

by the contemplation of kindred beauties, of ineffable charms which are inherent in such venerable relics of man's genius and of man's piety—the higher attributes of men here below.

### MISS BARKLE'S LEGACY.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE WIDOW.

'My sister, Mrs Penbury!'

Miss Barkle stood for a moment with the hand she had offered still outstretched. The widow started violently, stared, and swept past her with an almost imperceptible bow. John Brawn looked after his sister in amazement; whilst Miss Barkle took one step towards him with extended arms, and, with a low cry, fell fainting at his feet before he could save her. Mrs Penbury, turning as she reached the stairs, faced the group in the hall, pale but collected.

'That is the name I could not remember,' she said to her brother in a calm steady voice—'Miss Barkle.' She cast a glance at the prostrate figure, bowed slightly to Annie Carston, and continued her retreat up-stairs, as John Brawn, in astounded silence, raised the senseless lady in his arms.

He carried her into the dining-room, and leaving her with Annie and the servants, followed his sister. She had informed him of what she described bitterly as a most extraordinary, an utterly unaccountable bequest by her husband to a woman she had never heard of before the will was read, and whose name she had forgotten, or affected to forget. Now, the advertisement which had so excited Midport curiosity recurred to him, and he saw what he had done. He had unwittingly brought his sister in contact with the one woman on earth she would wish to avoid. Undoubtedly, it was most distressing for them both, but still the meeting itself was hardly sufficient to account for the effect it had produced on Miss Barkle. That seemed to require explanation, but the present was not the time to ask for it.

He found Mrs Penbury outwardly composed, but in a state of suppressed excitement, such as he felt was only to be expected. She turned questioning to him as he entered, but did not speak.

'If you had only told me the name of the woman George left the money to, you should not have undergone this, Nora,' he said.

'Where is she now?' asked his sister quietly.

'Down-stairs, in a dead faint. Miss Carston and the maids are with her.'

'You might go down and see how she is, John; I must see her before she leaves.'

'Not to-day, Nora; spare her just now; she has been awfully upset,' he urged.

Mrs Penbury looked at him for an instant before she spoke; when she did, her voice rang through the room in tones that boded ill to the unhappy Miss Barkle if an interview took place between them then.

'Spare her!—Then, is this nothing to me?' Her lips moved silently as she motioned to him imperiously to go; and he left the room bent on getting Miss Barkle out of the house as quickly as possible.

She had recovered, but sat in a dazed dreamy condition, as though she heard and saw nothing around her.

John Brawn went forward and took her hand. 'I have sent for a cab to take you home, Miss Barkle, as soon as you are able to go.'

His voice roused her; and as she looked up at him, it crossed his mind that if he could learn particulars of this wretched legacy business from her, it might satisfy his sister. It would never do to bring the two face to face again to-day—neither was equal to it. So he sat down, and cautiously approaching the subject, drew from her all she had intended to lay before him after her visit to Lambton and Warden. It was a long rambling story as she told it; but he waited patiently until she finished speaking and gave way to tears.

'Then, after the date you mention—sixteen years ago now—you never saw my late brother-in-law?' he asked.

'Never. I never saw him again after I—I refused him,' sobbed the unfortunate lady.

'Nor heard from him?'

'I didn't even know whether he was alive.'

John Brawn paused for a moment; the matter was repugnant to him; but he wished to get it over once for all, now he had entered upon it. 'Well, I won't trouble you any further,' he said, rising. 'I'll come over, or write as soon as there may be anything to tell you.'

He accompanied them to the door, detaining Annie, as Miss Barkle passed out. 'Try and come over to us this evening,' he whispered.

Miss Carston nodded, and followed her friend, who had relapsed into her former state of passive apathy, and seemed incapable of understanding the simplest remark.

Her mind was busy with the one thought—that John Brawn was separated from her for ever. The process of reasoning by which she arrived at this conclusion was simple: Mrs Penbury was his sister; Mrs Penbury was her enemy; ergo, Mrs Penbury created a hopeless breach between them. This conviction had come upon her with all its force when he had introduced her to the widow, and she had instinctively turned to him, when she fainted.

Annie Carston drew her own inferences from what had passed, and in doing so did not go far wrong; but Miss Barkle required all her attention at present, for she was shaken and unnerved. They reached home at length, for they had not waited for the cab; and Annie persuaded her to lie down, whilst she darkened the room, and sat with her to prevent her being disturbed. How the Midport people would talk when they heard of this new development of the story! Annie wondered what bearing it would have on her friend's prospects: the widow was a handsome woman of about eight-and-twenty, tall and dark, with a masculine firmness of expression indicative of her strength of will; a great contrast to the meek Selina Barkle; and Annie hoped, after what she had witnessed, that it would not lie with Mrs Penbury to give up or withhold the legacy. She knew as little about law as the majority of her sex at the age of nineteen, and the repeated discussions she had listened to lately had left her under the impression that if the widow refused to surrender that ten



thousand pounds, Miss Barkle had no remedy. But that did not seem to be right somehow; she would ask John Brawen about it.

What a curious confusion the affairs of her few intimates were in. To begin with the eldest: there was Captain Mulbane deeply enamoured of Miss Barkle, who didn't care for him; Miss Barkle warmly attached to John Brawen, who didn't care for her; Mr Brawen in love with Annie Carston, who *did* care for him very much. 'Now, if only I liked Captain Mulbane instead of Jack,' she thought, 'the tangle would be complete; but I'd rather have it as it is.'

She rose and went to the bedside. Miss Barkle was dozing, but her hands were hot, and she had a feverish look. Annie left the room softly and went out into the garden. There was no cause for anxiety yet; but if she was not all right by the evening, she would call in the doctor. She had not had much experience of invalids, and did not like the responsibility of being alone with her friend in her present plight. She was leaning over the little gate, idly watching the cattle on the common across the road, when she became aware of the vicinity of a man drawing near with a stealthy circumspect gait, as though he feared being seen. It was Captain Mulbane, who had been hovering about the cottage all day. Observing that Annie was alone, he took courage and came forward.

'How do you do, Captain Mulbane?' she said. 'Why, has anything gone wrong?'

Her question was amply justified by the stout gentleman's extraordinary grimaces at the cottage and herself alternately.

'Has he gone mad?' she thought in consternation.—'What is it, Captain Mulbane?' she continued aloud, drawing back from the gate a little.

The gallant officer's visage was rapidly assuming a deep purple tint, which gave additional variety to its contortions as he bent over the gate whispering hoarsely: 'I won't tell a soul a word about it, Miss Annie—not a soul, not a word.' He drew back, and his features expanded in a grin that was positively refreshing in its intelligence after his previous facial antics. But what did the man mean?

'Won't you come in?' she said. 'I'm afraid I don't quite understand you.'

'O no, Miss Annie; I couldn't think of coming in yet;' and the captain recoiled hastily, as though he distrusted his own power to decline the invitation.

'How is—*is she*, to-day?' he asked with a sigh, edging up to the gate again.

'Not very well. Something has upset her; but—'

'I knew it; I felt it! I was sure she would catch cold, Miss Annie, and he almost wept as he spoke, 'sitting there with her feet all wet, you know, and it was my fault too.'

What, in the name of mystery, was this new complication? Captain Mulbane evidently held himself accountable for something which had resulted in wet feet for Miss Barkle, and was causing him genuine distress.

'If you will wait a minute, I'll come out with you,' she said, and ran into the house for her hat; whilst the captain, hidden by the laurels, wistfully scanned each window in turn for a glimpse of his

lady-love. He had been unable to restrain his longing to see Miss Barkle and assure her of his intention to be silent regarding their meeting on the sands; but his heart failed him, and he waited about, trusting that fortune might bring him in her path. Seeing Annie Carston alone at the gate, and never doubting but that she knew the secret, he had deemed no preliminary explanations necessary when he confided to her his resolve 'not to tell a soul,' supposing she would not fail to inform her friend.

The blind of the drawing-room window was suddenly drawn up as he watched, and fearful of discovery, the captain turned and fled. He was out of sight when Annie Carston reappeared two minutes later; and after looking all round the garden for him, she felt that the only conclusion any one could come to was, that the old gentleman was indeed off his head. 'Sunstroke, I daresay,' mused Annie as she started in the direction of Lansdale House; 'but I hope he'll be all right before he calls again.'

She met John Brawen at the gate, and they went in together to the library. 'I expect my sister will be down directly,' he said, as he closed the door. 'I'm going to introduce you to her as my intended wife, if you've no objection.'

That she had none was manifest by her mode of acknowledging the matter-of-fact statement, which seemed perfectly satisfactory to 'Jack.' What followed would not interest us, and we may pass over their conversation, touching only on those points which relate to our story.

'What do you think Lina Barkle told me the other day, Jack?' said Annie.

'Don't know, I'm sure.—What?'

'She was quite certain you were going to propose to her before long,' and Miss Carston tried to repress a giggle.

'Where on earth did she get that idea?—Are you sure she didn't mean Mulbane?'

'Of course I am, stupid boy. But had I not better break the truth to her now?'

'I can't comprehend what put the notion into her head,' said John Brawen, who was by no means pleased at Miss Barkle's fancy. 'But you'd best tell her you're engaged to me, or that I am to you, however you like to put it.'

'The poor thing was awfully cut up by what happened this morning.—Do you think your sister will give her the money, Jack?'

'It doesn't rest with her, Annie. She might keep her out of it for six months; but she hasn't a leg to stand on if she carries the case into court.'

'It would make a tremendous difference to Lina,' said Annie thoughtfully.

'You see, child,' said Mr Brawen, 'it's a terrible blow to a woman to find, as Nora has, after her husband's death that another has held such a place in his thoughts all those years. One can't expect her to regard Miss Barkle with very warm feelings, you know.'

'It wasn't her fault,' was the womanly answer.

'No blame attaches to any one, unless to poor George, in making such a bequest after he had actually married.'

'What had Lina better do now, Jack?'

'She can't do anything. Thank Heaven, Nora's concerns aren't in my hands!' said John Brawen

devotly. Perhaps, had he known that his timely absence from Midport had saved him the unpleasantness of being asked by Miss Barkle to champion her cause against the unknown widow, he would have been still more grateful. He had gone to his sister after the two had left that morning, and had told her everything he had ascertained. Nora Penbury was not a vindictive woman; but, as her brother said, it had been a terrible blow to find that some unknown love had held a place in her husband's heart throughout their short wedded life of three years. With even, unbroken harmony that life had run, without a discordant note in its brief but happy span; and the legacy had given the widow a shock which deadened the keenness of her sorrow. Now at the end, Fate, dealing its shafts with both hands, as is its wont, must bring her face to face with the woman herself ere her widowhood was ten days old. Blameless she believed Miss Barkle to be, for, amongst her husband's letters, she had found nothing for suspicion to feed upon. Still, nothing could shake the glaring truth, so rudely brought home to her; and she could not persuade herself to let this long silent rival receive such a mark of her own husband's love unchallenged. She had lost no time in taking steps to prevent the executors proving the will; and though the delay might inconvenience herself, she would not remove the legal obstacle she had raised before she could help it.

The solicitors had concealed from Miss Barkle that Mrs Penbury had actually objected to their taking out probate of the will, trusting in their ability to convince her of the futility of the step.

John Brawn and Annie were still engrossed with one another when Mrs Penbury joined them. She had heard something of the young lady, and received her with a gentle kindness, so different from the callous manner she had worn before, that Annie began to hope the difficulty might not prove so serious after all.

John Brawn left them together after a few minutes; and Mrs Penbury devoted herself to learning all she could regarding her brother's fiancée: how she had known him since she was fifteen years old; how her father died six months after his second marriage, leaving her to the care of a step-mother, who made life at home intolerable; and how Miss Barkle had taken her in and— But here Annie checked herself, feeling she trod upon delicate ground.

'Go on,' said the widow. 'You were saying how Miss Barkle had given you a home. Have you been with her long?'

'I have almost lived there since my father died; but it was only a few days ago that I went to the cottage altogether.'

'Is she a wealthy woman?'

'No; has a bare living, I should think. But she is wonderfully good to me, as she is to everybody,' said Annie warmly.

Mrs Penbury sat silent for a while. When she spoke again, her companion was startled by the change from gentleness to firmness in her tone. 'You know how I stand towards your friend,' she said.

'Jack told me all about it to-day,' said Annie, feeling uncomfortable, and wondering what was coming next.

'I believe the solicitors found her through an advertisement?'

'Yes. She couldn't think what it meant when she saw it that morning.'

'What did she do about the news when she heard it?'

'She was going to ask Jack to do everything for her, but he was away when she came back from London.'

There was an air of authority about the widow that seemed to compel Annie to answer whether she wished to or not; and now, thankfully finding there were no more questions to reply to, she began to think over the answers she had made, dreading lest anything she had said might injure her friend.

Whether Mrs Penbury had more to ask we cannot say, for John Brawn's return caused the subject to be dismissed. His sister dropped the magisterial manner she had so suddenly assumed, and by increased kindness appeared desirous of removing any impression it had made on the young lady.

We have said that she believed Miss Barkle innocent of having held any correspondence with Mr Penbury; but though this was the case, she could not resist the chance of probing for fresh evidence to prove it. She had certainly learned little from Annie Carston, but that little supported what she had heard through her brother.

Miss Barkle's indisposition compelled Annie to return to the cottage early, and she accordingly left soon after her talk with Mrs Penbury, escorted by John Brawn. On the way they arranged that the duty of announcing their engagement should be left to Annie's discretion, for Miss Barkle had been in so nervous a condition since the morning that it might be inadvisable to inform her of it just yet. The news would not do much to cheer her, after the hopes she had cherished regarding Mr Brawn.

Their well-meant plans, however, were foiled by the person for whose benefit they had been made. John and Annie were busy saying good-night at the gate—and it is remarkable how long it takes two young people so circumstanced to accomplish that simple ceremony—when Miss Barkle, who had awakened from a long sleep more composed, came upon them unobserved. She took in the position at a glance, and accepted the revelation with fortitude, turning away unseen. She had been prepared to see him irrevocably torn from her; that was inevitable. But surely he might have waited a little while, only a little while, before seeking consolation in the arms of another. It was heartless and cruel to do so the very day he saw the impediment his sister's presence raised; it was mean-spirited, despicable; and if Annie Carston cared to have the love of a man so easily led away, she might. She would forget him; he was not worthy of another thought. Thus she tried to reason within herself; but she was not convinced. John Brawn was not the man to do such a thing under impulse; it was utterly opposed to his nature, and it was impossible to believe it of him. Then there was but one alternative, and Miss Barkle's heart swelled as it told her that it was the true one; Captain Mulbane had been right yesterday, and those almost daily visits had not been made to see her. She had been deluding herself with an

unfounded dream. How blindly she had pursued her fancy to the bitter end! Poor Miss Barkle. Vanity is a pleasant guide for a time, but how rarely it leads us to the goal it seemed to promise!

If only she had left those foolish words unsaid that evening. She flushed hotly as she thought how her friend must have laughed in her sleeve. She had been sadly mistaken, and would own it at once. Better now, whilst Annie's great happiness was at its zenith, than later; she would not think much about the weaknesses of others to-day.

'Let me congratulate you,' she said coming to the door to meet the young lady, with a successful effort to speak sincerely. 'Oh, I saw you at the gate,' she went on with a laugh at Annie's look of guilty surprise. 'I know all about it, so you needn't say another word.'

With a feeling of gratitude for the accident that had made Miss Barkle a witness of the parting with her lover, Annie received her caresses; it had saved her the unpalatable task of enlightening her friend.

'Was Captain Mulbane here to-day?' she asked, after her engagement had been talked over. 'I don't suppose he was, though,' she continued, recalling his refusal to come in. 'He was perfectly mad in the way he went on—knew something he would not tell a soul, he said; and was sure you would be ill to-day because of your wet feet. Have you any idea what he meant, Lina?'

Miss Barkle shuddered visibly at the recollection. 'He caught me wading yesterday, Annie,' she said, 'and sat down beside me; and, O Annie, I thought he would never go away.'

Some few questions were necessary to elucidate this incomprehensible statement; but the eccentricity of the captain's conduct was eventually explained. 'And, O Annie,' said Miss Barkle again, 'I do hope he will hold his tongue.'

#### RELATING TO CRYPTS.

THERE has been a crypt below Bamborough Church for many centuries; but, curiously, in the last century it was used only as a burial vault, and closed. In that capacity it was of course but seldom visited; and at last the external approach to it in the churchyard was covered up with the whirling drifting sands, and then the place was forgotten. Within the memory of many of the present inhabitants of the breezy, bosky, wide-spread village, it was found again. The flooring of the chancel was removed, and a flight of stone steps observed. On descending them, it was ascertained they led to a long narrow chamber, dimly lighted at the east end by a small window, on the south side of which a doorway gave access to a second chamber of the same length as the first, but of twice the width. This larger chamber, or chapel, has a groined roof of two bays, and two deeply splayed window-openings at the east end. It has also traces of an altar and a piscina, and in the centre of the groining is a staple, from which evidently a lamp once depended. It has also a doorway on the south side opening into the churchyard, which, at the time of the discovery

and examination mentioned, was blocked up with sand and hidden from sight.

The earliest crypts were hewn out of rocks, or built of masonry below the soil, to receive, and conceal from profane eyes, the remains of martyrs. Subsequently, chapels, and eventually churches, were raised over them; still later, crypts were formed below new churches for the special conservation of relics and the devotions of those who visited them. The most ancient are little more than square vaulted chambers with but the sparest architectural ornamentation. Later examples are veritable subterranean churches with grand aisles, formed by low and massive arcades of columns. Most of them are provided with two ways of approach, or exit, that pilgrims might descend in procession, or otherwise, conveniently, and proceed onwards and outwards without turning back and causing confusion. One of these approaches nearly always consists of a set of stone steps descending from the choir or one of the transepts; and the other nearly always opens out into the exterior surroundings of the edifice below which the crypt is situated. There are of course occasional variations from this plan, especially on the Continent, where crypts were more frequent in former ages than they were in this country. Sometimes, for instance, there are two approaches from the interior, and in one familiar instance (at Dijon) there is a circular crypt. The usual construction, however, provides for a stream of persons descending from the interior of the fabric, viewing the relics in the martyrdom, and then ascending to the level of the surface of the ground upon which the superincumbent edifice is erected.

Into this little dim crypt below the chancel of Bamborough Church, therefore, we may picture to ourselves the olden inhabitants of the district—many a good man and true, many a fair dame and dainty damsel, besides long lines of pilgrims—groping their way down the stone steps, after some preparatory service in the church. We may imagine, also, their intensified sense of the potentiality of the blessings of life and light and air, when, at the conclusion of their devotions, they emerged through the outer doorway into the churchyard, whence the great ocean, the stupendous castle on the high rocks close by, and the wide adjacent country, were reassuringly apparent.

There is a curious crypt, too, in Hexham Abbey Church. This is of Saxon workmanship. It has three entrances: one for the priest, the others for the descent and ascent of worshippers. On descending the steps leading to it from the interior of this superb edifice, the Saxon worshipper found himself in an antechapel, from which he could pass into a larger chapel containing the relics and an altar. The larger chapel measures thirteen feet three inches from east to west, and seven feet nine inches from north to south. Three niches with funnel-shaped headings mark the places where three lamps were placed to light it. In like manner there is a similar niche in the outer chapel for the same purpose. The door-heads are all semicircular, including that leading to and from the antechapel at the foot of the steps used by the priest. An arresting feature in this hoary cell is the occurrence of several Roman stones in the masonry, which have evidently been

used up by the Saxon builders, as being suitable for their purpose and near at hand. A portion of a Roman altar serves as a lintel over one of the doorways, and has been tooled into a semi-circular form; and a square tablet with a dedicatory inscription upon it, and several fragments of ribbed ornament, may be seen built up in the walls. Richard of Hexham describes this church as having been built by Wilfred in the seventh century, in three stories, supported by columns, and mentions that innumerable multitudes might stand around the body of the church and yet remain unseen by those within; and that Acca, the friend of the Venerable Bede, collected the remains of saints from all parts of Europe and placed them in shrines between the pillars; and made it so costly with sculpture and painting, and the services so rich with singing, vestments, and vessels, that it was finer than any building on this side of the Alps. The crypt, we may thus conclude, has heard the reverberations of the sacred music of Acca in the choir above, and from that distant time through many centuries has been hallowed with the resolves of countless penitents, and the aspirations and supplications of myriads of souls.

Below Repton Church, in Derbyshire, there is another Saxon crypt. It is about seventeen feet square, and has a vaulted roof, and four columns with wreathed shafts and plain square caps and round bases. This crypt was also built with three entrances, whereof two were in the church above, and one on the north side of the exterior. A king's daughter was abbess of Repton in 874, we are told, when the Danes wintered there. It is supposed they did not leave the church scatheless; but the crypt may have been unknown to them, and thus escaped destruction; or the royal abbess may have prevailed with them to leave it untouched.

Many of our cathedrals possess crypts, though not all. Below the central tower of Ripon Cathedral, deep in the earth, is a massy stone cell, called St Wilfred's Needle, approached by a narrow passage forty-five feet in length. This is also extremely ancient. The crypt below York Cathedral is of late Norman workmanship and of very large extent. It is beneath the choir, and is approached from both sides of it. There is a deep draw-well in it and a lavatory. The largest crypt at Durham has ten massive columns, forming twenty noble bays, very reverberative and solemn. This is beneath the dormitory. There is a second crypt under the refectory, and a third under the prior's chapel. Glasgow Cathedral has a fine crypt. But perhaps the finest example of all is that under Canterbury Cathedral. This superb structure, called the Undercroft, was allotted to the Wallons by Queen Elizabeth, who made use of it to industriously carry on the art of silk-weaving. The Westminster crypt is also a very noble specimen of the ancient masons' craft.

Sometimes crypts are below chapter-houses; this is the case at Wells, where there is a fine specimen with a groined roof. The chapter-house proper did not attain its full height till so many years had elapsed that quite a new style of building was in vogue, lighter and more graceful in every way, with yearnings towards the delighting tracery-work that was afterwards everywhere

adopted, albeit the masons in the crypt had contented themselves with the old dog-tooth ornamentation. There is a crypt under the chapter-house at Ripon, too, besides St Wilfred's Needle under the tower. It is called the Bonehouse, from the fact that the walls and recesses are lined with skulls, &c., arranged with the same curious neatness as the bones of the ten thousand virgins in the church of St Ursula in Cologne.

The *New World of Words*, published in the reign of William and Mary, gives us the following information under the head of *Cryptæ*: 'The graves of the martyrs were more especially so called, where the primitive Christians used to meet for the performing of divine service; whence *crypta* came also to signify a church under ground, like that of St Faith's under St Paul's.'

## NUMBER 263.

### A TRUE STORY.

'BE off with you and your tract!' It was a prisoner who spoke these words with an angry gesture, and the voice that gave them utterance rang with a peculiar harshness.

I was only a young man in those days, fresh from the university, and sadly wanting, I fear, in the tact which experience gives in later years to men who follow the sacred calling of the priesthood. My old friend, Mr —, who was chaplain to — convict prison, had been attacked by fever; and being a devout and earnest man, full of energy, and with his whole heart in his work, and unwilling that his duties should remain unfulfilled, had asked me to take his place in the prison until he was again able himself to visit it. That is how I came in the first instance to minister to the wants and necessities of the criminal classes. So serious did my friend's illness prove itself to be, so uncertain his recovery, and so long the period of his convalescence, that I was left for close upon a year in the performance of the prison work. You may imagine that during that period I met some strange characters, saw some strange sights, and heard some strange stories.

What a funny world it was—a world within a world, and peopled by the dregs and scourgings of humanity. What ferocious instinct, brutal hate, and savage fearlessness were there; what mean distrust; what petty jealousy; what wizened battered faces; what wrecked and loathsome bodies. What moral rottenness pervaded and leavened the bulk of these unfortunates. It was curious, too, to note the rigour with which certain points of prison etiquette were observed, and the manner in which a species of classification was arrived at by the prisoners themselves.

It would be no difficult matter, indeed, to write a paper interesting enough in detail concerning the inner life of a large prison from the convicts' point of view. To the spotless passer-by who has never transgressed the nation's laws, and whose acquaintance with the prison is limited to a view of its gate as he passes it by, it may



seem that there is little difference indeed between most of the jail-birds who congregate within; but if this is his opinion, it is by no means shared by his less fortunate fellows. There are in every prison at least three classes of society, constituted, be it remembered, by the prisoners themselves, and rigorously recognised. The third or lowest class consists of common drunkards, ordinary vagrants, wife-beaters, and such-like; and these are the despised and rejected ones who come in for abuse and vilification, and are considered unworthy to consort with their 'better' brethren. The second class consists of such gentry as sneak-thieves, petty-larcenists, and cattle-thieves, who consider the wife-beater and the drunkard too low to associate with; but who are themselves in turn beneath the contempt of the first-class swells, who are bank burglars, adroit pickpockets, and life-sentenced murderers; always provided, in the case of the last mentioned, that they are not wife-poisoners, a set of men who even in prison are not tolerated, although why a distinction should be made in the case of any deliberate murderer seems incomprehensible. There is always also the 'bad man' of the prison, a curious appellation, surely, where all are supposed to be bad. It is about the 'bad man' of the prison I am writing this sketch. I found his name in the prison register after this fashion: 'MURTON, JOSEPH, No. 263, Wing D, Tier 4'; and opposite the entry in the book was the word 'Incorrigible' in large red-ink letters. There had been other men similarly indexed, as I could see by the red affixes to their names; but all of them had passed out to other prisons or to the busy world again. Joseph Murton, strange to say, was the only incorrigible (according to the books) in the institution.

Why he was bad, no person knew. The keepers feared him, the governor hated him; he was continually in hot-water, and as often in as out of the dark cell. He had been flogged more than once for insubordination, and, as far as could be judged, was a prison Ishmael. And yet there were some soft spots in his heart—the hospital orderlies knew that; for once or twice, when he had been ill and thrown into contact with sufferers sicker than himself, his gentleness and patience knew no bounds. The choicest morsels of his rough food were always laid aside for them; his voice as he read aloud to them was actually musical; and through the long night vigils he was the watcher who sat and whispered soothing words, or moistened lips that had grown hard and dry with suffering. His cell was a model of neatness: not a mark could be detected on its snowy walls; no bed was ever so neatly folded as his, no tins so brightly scoured. In person he was scrupulously clean, and seemed to take a pride in the respectability of his appearance. In the workshop—he was a broom-maker—his work was generally performed more neatly and more quickly than by any of his gang. On one occasion, when a keeper had been terribly wounded and well nigh killed by a mob of mutinous prisoners, Murton had stood boldly up in defence of the officer, and had been severely wounded himself for his pains. In spite of many such good qualities, his uncertain temper, despondent moods, and blind unreasoning ferocity, kept him in perpetual trouble, and at the time

I write of he was certainly the 'bad man' of the prison. Now, it was a fit of sullen perverse obstinacy; now, a flat refusal to perform his workroom task; again, a refusal to obey some simple rule at other times cheerfully obeyed; and still again, a savage attack upon a fellow-prisoner or keeper. He was a strange creature Joseph Murton, with a strange history, as you shall hear.

I was informed one morning by the librarian, also a prisoner, that a man was to be flogged that day for an assault upon one of the officers. I have already confessed that I was young, and a curious desire to witness such a scene, although clearly no part of my duty, came over me. To acquaint the governor of my desire was but a matter of form; and ten minutes before the big bell tolled twelve, I was in the courtyard, where the triangles used for whippings were already raised. Five minutes later, the prisoners were marched in to the goose-step, and shuffling along with furtive glances, took their places, forming three sides of a square. I was told afterwards that their presence there was not only for example's sake, but in order that there might be no feeling in their minds as to excess of punishment. The keepers, in full force and heavily armed, were of course present; and as the clock struck, the governor and surgeon appeared. Two of the keepers, both old soldiers and adepts in the use of the 'cat,' stepped up to the triangles with their torturing little instruments; and next moment, stripped to the waist, but with a coat hanging loosely over his shoulders, came the victim, Joseph Murton. Where was his boasted strength, ill temper, mad ferocity? He walked as gently as a child, and a half-smile flickered on his lips as he held his hands out to be bound. I am not going to describe that morning's work, as I still remember it; it was the only flogging I ever saw, and I wish I had never seen it, for even now it makes me shudder to recall it. A hundred lashes was the sentence; and a hundred lashes means a million tortures to the flesh, and agony to the soul of any man. But Joseph Murton took his flogging without a murmur or a groan, although his face grew deadly white and his lips were bitten till they bled. He laughed; yes, he actually laughed out loud when he was untied, and put on his coat himself, although hardly able to move, so bruised and lacerated was his back; but as he passed the keeper who had reported him and caused his stripes, there came an angry gleam into his eyes and a quiver into his nostrils that spoke no good; and it was well on all sides that he was hurried away before further mischief was done, for the devil in the man was roused and knew no cringing. He was sent to the hospital to have his wounds healed, and it was there I first made his acquaintance.

I made a point of visiting all the Protestant prisoners regularly in their cells, and as Murton had described himself as an Episcopalian at his admission, I had repeatedly tried to hold some conversation with him; but all in vain. In spite of the friendliest advances on my part, he preserved a sullen silence, and would invariably turn his back on me if I approached his cell. On one occasion, when he had evidently heard my voice in his neighbourhood and expected a visit, I found

a neat paper notice hanging on his bars with the following inscription: 'Cell No. 263—4th September 18—.—Book pedlars, insurance agents, clergymen, and other nuisances, not needed to-day.'

There was something about this man, however, that instinctively drew one to him, for I felt sure that, in spite of all appearances, there was good in him. The day after he had been flogged, I saw him in the hospital. It was a Sunday; and I had held a brief service with the sufferers, and at the close presented each with a tract, according to my usual custom. It was this, when I came to him, that called forth the angry words I have quoted at the commencement of this story. It took many a long day to soften that hard heart; but at last I won his confidence. Little by little I came to know more of the man, and found, beneath the rough and rude exterior, deep feeling and a broken heart, that accounted for the recklessness otherwise hard to understand. In fact, despair was gnawing at his heart, and the daylight of his life had been quenched for ever. He got to trust me sufficiently by-and-by to tell me his story; and here it is:

I don't see much use, parson, in troubling you with my story; it isn't a long one, and there's nothing interesting in it for any one to hear, God knows. I know I'm a young man; and I don't doubt but you fancy I should be doing better than wasting my time in a prison; but the fact is, parson, I don't care what becomes of me now, for I've lost all heart for everything I ever cared for.—What am I in here for? Attempted murder, they say. I've put in four years for it now, and I owe the Queen six yet.—What was it all about? I can't tell you that myself; I couldn't explain it to the judge, and the jury wouldn't have understood it either. I was always a wildish chap, parson, though I had never harmed a living soul, that I know of.—Occupation? Well, I used to be a printer.—Drink? Yes, I used to drink, and pretty hard to; but I gave that up. I gave up every bad habit I knew I had, for the sake of a girl I loved. No matter who she was or where she came from. If she were here before us now, you would see how blue her eyes were and how sweet her smile; and she would bring back hope and sunshine to me. That girl was a beacon-light to me, and for her sake I turned my back on all my old companions and foolish ways. She was never weary of encouraging me, and the hours flew by when we were together as if they had wings. I loved her better than I loved my own life—better than I loved God. We were to be married soon, and I worked merrily all day, and whistled as I set up the types; soon we would have a cottage of our own; soon she would be my own for ever; soon life would be a long and happy dream. How distinctly I remember all these things now, and how often I hear her voice still!

The time wore on, and at last came our wedding morning, and when the words were spoken that made us one, there was no man on earth who was happier than I. We lived together for a month, and every day seemed far too short. They speak of things being too good to last, don't they? I suppose it was that way with us. She ran down the river one day in a steamer for a breath of fresh

air, and I promised to meet her on her return. She kissed me good-bye so gaily when I left her, and told me that the hours would seem long till we were together again.—There isn't much more to tell now, parson. I was working that afternoon, when the foreman gave me a headline to set up for the evening edition of the paper; it read: 'Fearful Catastrophe;' and as I glanced at it, I saw it was an account of the collision of her steamer with another on the river that forenoon. O God! the anxiety of that moment, the sickening doubt and dread! I rushed to the river, hatless, coatless, just as I left the workroom, and I shouted her name as I ran. The river-front was crowded with people, and I could hardly make my way amongst them; then I was turned back several times by the police, and it seemed as if I would never get near enough to learn the news.

At last I got near the water, and saw that they were bringing bodies to the land in boats close to where I was. 'Have you got my Nelly?' I cried as each load passed me; and the dead faces would be uncovered for a moment, in the hope that they would be recognised. But evening came, and there was no one like her in all the long procession that had passed me, and by-and-by night came, and it became too dark to search any longer or to see. Suddenly the thought flashed across me that Nelly might be at home. Of course that was where she was. She would be waiting for me, and wondering at my absence, perhaps afraid for me. How foolish not to have thought of that before! How fast I ran back. But the little windows were all dark when I got there; and when I opened the door and called her name, there came no answer! I went back to the river after that, and sat there all that night, cold and hungry, and full of despair; and the night-winds must have heard me crying for my Nelly whilst the blinding tears ran down my face.

Early the next morning they began again dragging for the bodies; and by-and-by they found her. Not a bruise or mark or cruel cut upon her, but her face so still and white, her eyes so tightly shut, and her little hands so cold! I remember looking at her as she lay there cold and wet, and I could not think that she was really dead. Would the blue eyes never look at me again and the dear lips never speak? Were the little hands never to lie in mine, nor the willing feet to patter beside me? I could not believe it. I went and whispered in her ear and kissed her, and waited to see her smile at me.—Then all the world became dark. I remember trying to throw myself into the water, that I might die too; and I remember fighting like a madman with a policeman who tried to prevent me. I beat him till the blood was streaming from him, and I saw him fall at my feet as if dead; but I remember nothing more. I woke up in a hospital, where they told me I had had brain fever. I don't know how long I lay there; but I recollect being next in a prisoner's dock and hearing a white-faced constable telling the judge how I had beaten and stabbed him without provocation. I looked in vain for words to answer with. What could I say? No judge on earth could understand what I felt; indeed, I hardly knew myself. The verdict was 'guilty,' and the sentence ten years; and that is how I came to be in prison. They think me mad in here; they call me dangerous. But what have I to live for now?

In the midnight darkness, through the workshop noise, in the loneliness of my cell, I see her face, white and cold, and I cry out to her, and long for death to take me beside her. I don't know even where they took her or where her grave is; and if I were out in the world again to-morrow, I wouldn't know where to look for her.—Life isn't worth living now, parson. I know all about your tracts and gospels, but they don't bring me back Nelly. I sometimes think that she isn't so far away after all, for I seem to hear her voice and feel her near me. If she ever sees me, she knows how I miss her, and how black the world has been since I lost her.

That's my story, sir. Next time you see me tied up and flogged, you'll think that Nelly isn't far away, and that her little arms are round me, though no one knows it but myself.

### TRUE FAME.

'AND this is fame!' is reported to have exclaimed a well-known politician, when he heard that a letter addressed to him had been returned to the sender, through the Dead Letter Office, owing to the address being rather illegible. He evidently thought that everybody would be familiar with his name, address, and social standing. Life's grooves are indeed narrow; and a man has to achieve a great deal, and keep his name before the public many years, before he is known to 'the general.' Sir Henry Taylor, the gifted author of *Philip van Artevelde*, has placed it on record that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men;' and the assertion is particularly applicable to the case of contemporary men, because there is too great a tendency to decry the living at the expense of the dead.

The ignorance of judges in this respect is proverbial. Everybody has heard of the legal luminary who said, 'Archer! Archer! who is this Fred Archer?' Considering that some judges have no knowledge of the most elementary subjects (Lord Campbell, who knew nothing of cricket, almost went into a fit when a short, stout witness told him that he was 'long leg'), it is certainly expecting too much to suppose that they should be familiar with the name of a famous jockey or of a living author. In the case of judges, no doubt a good deal of this 'ignorance' is feigned; but in a large majority of people it is perfectly genuine, and this circumstance must have caused a great many persons to soliloquise on the hollowness of fame.

A 'society' woman, at whose table Longfellow was dining, asked him, 'Oh, Mr Longfellow, have you ever published a book?' This was after two-thirds of his lifework was done. Hawthorne says that in his later years he met many people who knew him well as the ex-surveyor of the port of Salem, but who never knew that he had written anything, and had not even heard that there was such a book as *The Scarlet Letter*. Even the genial Autocrat is not appreciated by everybody in his own town. One day an American gentleman went into a barber's shop as Dr Holmes was going out. 'Do you know who that was that just went out?' asked the barber. Being curious to see what account of Dr Holmes the barber would give, the visitor shook his head.—'Why,' said the barber,

'that's old Dr Holmes.'—'And who is Dr Holmes?' 'Oh, he's been a doctor here a great many years. I believe he ain't practisin' any more, but he's thought a good deal of!'

A crushing remark was once made by a would-be flatterer to Mr W. D. Howells, the American novelist. Shortly after the publication of *The Lady of the Aroostook*, *A Foregone Conclusion*, and *Venetian Life*, a lady asked that gentleman for his autograph, whereupon he wrote some impromptu verses in her album. She read them over, and then gave an encouraging smile. 'Oh, Mr Howells,' she exclaimed, 'I should think you might do something for the papers and magazines; I've seen much worse things than that in print!'

When even Dickens and Thackeray met with experiences somewhat similar to this, the smaller fry can scarcely help to escape. Men well known in other walks of life are scarcely less fortunate than the novelist. Take, for instance, the story told by a clergyman, as being part of a conversation held by him with an Englishman to whom he pointed out General Grant's residence in New York. The Englishman asking, '*What name?*' and seeming to obtain no further light, the clergyman repeated it to him, and said: 'Of course you have heard of General Grant? He was our President for eight years, ending in 1877.'

'Ah!' remarked the Englishman, still with no evidence of recalling a fact previously known.

'Then, too,' proceeded the clergyman, 'he was a great general, and was in command of a million of men at the close of our war. You remember our late war, of course?'

'Well, no,' was the answer. 'Beg pardon, but I have just arrived in this country, and was so long at sea that I have not heard the latest news. I was at sea sixteen days, really!'

This gentleman was scarcely abreast with the times, and his ignorance reminds one of Mark Twain's famous question to a railway-carriage bore: 'Adam? What's his other name?'

It is really surprising how few eminent Americans are known to the average 'general reader' in England. In America, the names of many of our prominent men must be familiar, in consequence of the frequency and the familiarity with which their actions are discussed in the columns of most of the great newspapers. One is surprised indeed to see English affairs dealt with as if England were only some two or three hundred miles from New York.

Greatness is paid homage to by some people in very peculiar ways. Everybody must remember the story told in connection with Victor Hugo. The great poet was startled one morning by the intrusion of three Englishmen. 'Victor Hugo,' said one, consulting a pocket-book. The poet bowed, thinking that he should be asked for his autograph next. After the visitors had stared for a few seconds, the pocket-book was again consulted. 'Eleven o'clock: the lions!' said the spokesman. Then the party bowed, and walked out of the room.

Truly, the penalties of fame are many, as Emerson doubtless came to the conclusion on at least one memorable occasion. The philosopher was on the way to Philadelphia several years ago, when he fell in with a chatty and agreeable gentleman named Sackett, who told Emerson that he resided in San Francisco. This was all he



said about himself; but from his conversation Emerson judged that his acquaintance was indeed a gentleman of standing and intelligence, and ultimately agreed to dine with Mr Sackett upon their arrival at San Francisco. The next morning Emerson was astounded to find in the local papers the following 'personal' paragraph: 'Professor Ralph Waldo Emerson, the eminent philosopher, scholar, and poet, is in our city as the guest of Mr H. T. Sackett, the well-known proprietor of the Bust Street Dime Museum. Matinées every half-hour: admission, only ten cents. The Double-headed Calf and the Dog-faced Boy this week!' Any one with even a superficial knowledge of Emerson's character will readily understand his feelings at being coupled, as it were, with the monstrosities mentioned.

Scott had several experiences of the penalties of greatness, notably in the case of a female admirer who sent him the manuscript of a tragedy, requesting him to revise it. Imagine Scott's feelings on his discovering that he had to pay five pounds for the postage on this precious packet; and his dismay at receiving, several days later, another copy of the play from the same lady, who, being afraid that the original copy of her tragedy might be lost in transit, had taken the precaution of sending a duplicate, for which Scott had to pay other five pounds.

After pondering over this circumstance, one begins to understand Tennyson's reason for leaving half of his letters unopened. Being 'lionised,' receiving manuscripts from 'budding bards,' and requests for autographs from gushing admirers, certainly form no inconsiderable portion of the 'martyrdom of fame.' Even the notoriety of the comparatively humble village quidnunc is not without many penalties. Soon after he becomes rather too important to be classed among the comprehensive '&c.' with which the reporter of the local paper winds up the list of those present at the laying of foundation stones, annual missionary meetings, and the like, he begins to experience some of the minor penalties arising from local 'fame.' He is expected to contribute to all sorts of objects, from the purchasing of a pavilion for the local Cricket Club to the repairing of the organ in one of the chapels; and if he be a tradesman, he is frequently obliged to give more than he can afford, in order to avoid losing custom, and perhaps to prevent the name of Jones—his rival in business—appearing higher in the list of subscriptions than his own. This is one of the penalties of local notoriety, which is more keenly felt than many suppose.

If the pleasure arising from fame could be accurately gauged, it would be found that unconventional acts of kindness, and simple though sincere compliments, give more pleasure to their recipients than the loudest blare of trumpets or the most eloquent panegyrics. The observation of a well-known writer on receiving a present of a dozen bottles of brandy from an anonymous admirer of his genius is well known. 'This,' he said, 'is true fame.'

Mr W. D. Howells has recently received a flattering proof of the interest taken in his novels, which will more than recompense him for the back-handed compliment of the lady we have already mentioned. When his story, 'Indian Summer,' was being published in *Harper's Magazine*, the

editor received a letter from a lady, who wrote that she was dying, and that her physicians told her she would be dead before the conclusion of Mr Howell's story was published. She was very much interested in it, and did not want to die until she knew how it was going to end, and she begged the editor to let her read the advance sheets, so that she might die happy.

The highest honour that Uhland the Prussian poet received was a very humble gift. The Prussian king, Frederick-William IV., offered him the Order Pour le Mérite, with flattering expressions of the royal regard; but Uhland, who was essentially a poet of the people, declined to accept it. While explaining to his wife the reason which moved him to refuse the distinction, a working-class girl from the neighbourhood entered, and presenting Uhland with a bunch of violets, said: 'This is an offering from my mother!'—'Your mother, child!' replied the poet; 'I thought she died last autumn.'—'That is true, Herr Uhland,' said the girl; 'and I begged you at the time to make a little verse for her grave, and you sent me a beautiful poem. These are the first violets which have bloomed on mother's grave; I have plucked them, and I like to think that she sends them to you with her greetings.' The poet's eyes moistened as he took the posy, and putting it in his button-hole, he said to his wife: 'There, dear woman! is not that an Order more valuable than any king can give?'

Of late years several literary men have been fortunate. Professor Huxley found a cheque for four thousand pounds in one of his morning letters—the bequest of a Bolton admirer. Charles Reade was remembered in the will of more than one admirer. These generous recognitions of genius are, however, trifling in comparison with the offer of an American millionaire to Martin Tupper, of *Proverbial Philosophy* fame. 'I am one of the richest men in New York,' he said to the author, 'and I know authors must be poor. I like your books, and have told my bankers' [naming them] 'to honour any cheques on me you may like to draw;' and when the offer was declined, the millionaire's house, his yacht, and his carriage were placed at Mr Tupper's disposal. Gifts such as these and unconventional compliments go a long way towards constituting real fame.

#### THINGS NEW AND OLD.

THE Old, so Wisdom saith, is better than the New.

Friends—like old Wine, old Books, old Days—

With age do ripen into mellow hue;

And Time, for what he takes, full oft repays

True hearts a hundredfold.

So, as the years rush by, old Friend,

May all bright memories of the past revive!

And when the hour is come to say 'Good-night,'

May Peace and Hope be with us to the end,

Up to the fullness of unfading Light!

When by the mystery of Death shall live

Things New and Old.

B. G. JOHNS.

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